

THE DREAMLAND SHEEP.

MARY L. BRANT.

When, toying on your restless bed,
You cannot fall asleep,
Just recollect those eyes,
See a field-patch before you rise,
And call the dreamland she p.

They come, they come, a hurrying crowd,
Swift-bounding, one by one;
They reach the wall in eager chase;
The leader finds the lowest place;
They cross, and on they run.

O, many times on sleep's night
I watch the endless throng,
Their pretty hands, their wistful backs,
As crowding in each other's tracks
They press the race along.

At the wall gap each plants its feet
On one stone, standing still—
Makes it small, like those before,
Then with its mate, score after score,
Goes scampering down the hill.

I try to count them, but each time
I lose reckoning at the wall.
They come from where the grey mists bend—
In mists they vanish at each end,
With far, faint bleat and call.

Off drop the day-time cares. Away
The nervous fancies fall,
And peaceful I fall asleep,
Watching the pretty dreamland sheep,
Crowd through the dream land wall.

TOMORROW.

Tomorrow, and to-morrow,
O fair and far away,
What treasure the wish on hope is high
Along your shining way.

What promises fulfilled,
What better deeds to do,
Than every yet, are softly set
Beneath your skies of blue.

Tomorrow, and to-morrow,
O sweet and far away,
Still evermore lead on before,
Along your shining way.

Still evermore lift up your eyes
Above what we have won,
To higher needs, and finer deeds,
That we have left undone.

—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

The Reigning Belle.

It was the great private ball of the season, given by an acknowledged leader of fashion, the widow of a millionaire. There was all the usual brilliancy of light, flash of jewels, and richness of costume.

Two gentlemen, with thoughtfully bored expression of habitual frequenters of such scenes, stood together, criticizing rather freely the beauty before them.

"I see some new faces," Sidney Carl said, his eyes sweeping over the figures whirling to the sound of a Strauss waltz.

"Some!" echoed his companion. "I should imagine so, after—how many years?"

"Eight. I have been away most of the time; but even the Continent can scarcely surpass this in private life, Gordon; and he turned quickly to face his companion, whose face was full of excited interest.

"Who is that tall goddess in wine-colored velvet, talking to Mrs. Erskine?"

"You, too!" laughed his companion. "No one sees Miss Bentley, but asks the question with the same eagerness."

"Miss Bentley! But who is she?"

"She is Mrs. Erskine's niece, for one thing. She is the reigning belle of three seasons, for another. She is undisputed possessor of several hundred thousands, for another."

"And still Miss Bentley?"

"And still Miss Bentley; as cold, as unapproachable as one of the marble goddesses in the wall-niches opposite us. There is a romantic story about her. Her mother, so gossip says, ran away with a low sort of fellow, who was an Adonis in a humble life. She died early, and this child was brought up in poverty, in a country home, by a drunken father and an unkind aunt. It is no shame to repeat this, since, in spite of her surroundings, she grew up to a noble womanhood. About six years ago her father died, and, relenting, left her his entire fortune. Mrs. Erskine, her mother's sister, therefore wealthy, as you know, instead of resenting her father's will, at once sent for her niece, put her in the hands of the best masters, and introduced her to society. She became a belle at once, counts her admirers by dozens, but will give encouragement to none."

"A society devil?"

"You were never more mistaken, Miss Bentley does not exercise the first principles of flirtation. She is a perfect Diana in coldness."

"Yet wins other hearts, as she has won yours."

"Why should I deny it? No man need blush to own he loves a woman he believes to be a perfect ideal of womanly perfection."

"Ah!"

Something in the tone of the exclamation made Frank Gordon look searching-ly into his companion's face.

It was a handsome face. It was an evil face. The eyes were crafty and cruel, the lips were too readily, and never had eyes and lips more truly betrayed their possessor than at the moment when that "Ah!" escaped him.

A deadly cold seemed to clutch for one moment Frank Gordon's heart. What did this man know of Hester Bentley? What diabolical meaning was there in that cold, cruel smile?

While he looked, his companion's face altered. A look that was almost fear, crept into his eyes, and he grew pale.

Following his glance, Frank Gordon saw that it rested upon Hester Bentley's face, and saw in that face a corresponding look of terror, but far more emphasized.

She was always pale, her rare beauty of the staturesque order, but as he looked, he thought the sudden ghastly pallor was more suited to shroud and coffin than to velvet, jewels, and ballroom glare.

As a bird approaches a serpent, fascinated, so she came slowly towards them, seeming to move more by mechanism than by volition of will. Slowly, slowly, unheeding some wondering gazers, crossing the wide room alone, threatening her way past the dancers, until she stood face to face with Sidney Carl.

Her voice even was changed as she said:

"Sidney Carl!"

"At your service," he said mockingly. His voice seemed to break the strange icy spell that bound her, and she recognized Frank Gordon by a gentle inclination of her stately head.

"Where have you been?" she asked Sidney, "for eight years?"

"Abroad," he said briefly.

"Leaving me to suffer a thousand deaths by your silence?"

"You flatter me," he answered, still with his cruel mocking smile.

"I must speak with you, Mr. Gordon," she said, "and Mr. Carl will not, I think,

refuse to hear me. Will you give me your arm to the library? Mr. Carl will join us?"

A shrug of the shoulders, a low bow, and the gentleman expressed his willing obedience to the lady's command.

The sudden change from the ball-room to the quiet library seemed to steady the lady's nerves. She had trembled so violently in the short walk from one room to the other that her escort had to give her very real support and assistance, but as she closed the door of the library she gathered up new courage, and her voice, though very low, was clear, as she said:

"Mr. Gordon, a few short weeks ago you honored me by a proposal of marriage. Do not think me bold or unmaidenly to mention this before a third person, until I tell you my reason. I refused you, and yet, in spite of my utmost endeavor to conceal the truth, you knew that I loved you. What agony it cost me to send you away—to try to tear you out of my heart—you can never know, I loved you, but I would not marry you because I believe, and have believed for years—eight long, weary years—that I had murdered the man I know to night still lives."

"Your intention to murder me was good," was the cold answering answer.

"You know that to be false—as false as all else in your cruel faithless life. But Mr. Gordon, will, I think, believe me."

"In all things," was the quiet firm assurance.

"You know a little of my life," she said, turning her pale beautiful face towards him; "but its utter misery and desolation no one can ever know but myself. My aunt hated me, grudging me my very existence; my father never drew a sober breath. At seventeen I had never had any knowledge of home happiness or home love. I found my only pleasure in study, and the old mystery of the village lent me books, and helped me. Being hungry he satisfied the heart hunger I bore for years."

"Into such a life romance and dreaming come with a force that happy girl's can hardly imagine, and I dreamed impossible visions of love and lovers. And with my empty heart, my visionary longings, I met Sidney Carl. He was to me the embodiment of every hero of whom I had ever read—handsome, winning, gracious. Why he made himself my apparent lover he alone can tell; for, winning all my girlish devotion, he gave me only a semblance of love in return. I am very frank, and if I pain you, forgive me, for I must tell the whole truth now."

"I was but seventeen, but, with all the fervor of youth, all the tender poetry of imagination, I invested my hero with every virtue, and gave him a worshiping love. And by every art his false heart had studied, he wooed me to love him. How could my ignorance suspect his falsehood? All through one long summer he made my life a fool's paradise, and I was blindly, utterly happy, scarcely looking forward a day, so completely content in the present. Weived near the sea, and within easy walking distance of our cottage there was a high rocky cliff, overhanging deep water, many feet below. Oftentimes I have turned sick and dizzy looking over the rocky ledge down to the angry waters that dashed against it far below. But it was a favorite walk, the approach from the village being a gradual ascent. Here I met my lover often, walking to and from upon the edge of the cliff, thinking nothing of danger, when my hero was beside me. I was a fool, I grant, but I had some excuse for my folly, for never was a great lady more delicately, tenderly wooed and won."

"Autumn came, and in October Mr. Carl told me he must return to the city—to his home and business. One more walk upon the cliff, and then he must leave me. But even then I did not doubt his loyalty, or that he would return to me. I met him on the cliff walk, and then he told me a cruel truth. In words so gently spoken they might have been a caress, he told me that he was not free, but the promised husband of a great city belle—a woman for whom he professed to have no love, but who had social position, accomplishments, riches—all that I had not. And as I stood dazed, stunned, his words ringing like a knell in my bewildered brain, he came towards me with extended arms, crying:

"You have never kissed me! Kiss me now, in token of forgiveness!"

"All the woman in my child's heart rose to resent the insult, and when he was near to me I pushed him back with all my force—pushed him, as Heaven is my witness, only to prevent his touching me! But I was strong and angry, and my arms had an unexpected force. I pushed him over the cliff. As he reeled and vanished from my sight my senses left me, and fell. I must have lain long unconscious, for it was dark when at last I fully awoke and realized what I had done—what I was!"

She covered her face for a moment, while both men stood silent waiting, one in sullen defiance, the other with a pity too deep for commonplace words.

"How he escaped," Hester presently continued, "I cannot tell; but I have carried for eight years my heavy burden of undeserved remorse. Could I go to a good man's home with such a sin upon my soul? Could I be the wife of a good man, believing myself a murderer?"

"If you have quite finished this dramatic explanation," said Sidney Carl in a cold voice, "perhaps you will kindly excuse my presence at the love-scene."

Frank Gordon stepped quickly towards him, but Hester's hand fell upon his arm.

"No violence," she pleaded. "Let him go. I wished to speak before him, and I would like now to ask him for what crime I was made to bear so heavy a punishment."

"What crime?" was the fierce quick answer. "The crime of attempted murder. Just by a hair's-breadth did I escape the rocks below the cliff, and fall into deep water. Stunned for a moment, I rose again with all my wits about me, and saw to the rescue place where I could scramble ashore. The tragedy ended tamely, and by midnight I was half-way to the city. But I would never have lifted what you call your burden but that accident had favored you."

He opened the door and passed out. A moment of silence followed, and then a low pleading voice asked:

"Can you forgive me?"

"I love you—I love you!" was the answer.

And so out again to the crowded ball-room, where none had suspected that a life's secret had been told—a life of misery lifted in the short half-hour by absence.

And when the engagement was announced, nothing was known in society to the reason of the sudden change in the beautiful Miss Bentley, whose happiness gave a new charm to her manner, new music to her voice.

MR. LINCOLN'S NOMINATION.

Judge Carter's Claim of Effecting Lincoln's Nomination Disputed.

No six men had more to do with securing the nomination of Mr. Lincoln than Col. A. K. McClure, ex-Gov. Andrew G. Curtin, Thaddeus Stevens and Judge Wilmont of Pennsylvania, and Gen. Henry S. Lane and John D. Defrees of Indiana.

Andrew G. Curtin was the republican candidate for governor of Pennsylvania, as Gen. Lane was of Indiana. Defrees was chairman of the Indiana republican state committee and Col. McClure held the same influential post in Pennsylvania. Judge Wilmont was chairman of the Pennsylvania delegation of the national republican convention at Chicago and Thaddeus Stevens was the most trusted and influential member of that delegation, being one of the delegates at large.

Senator Seward, in 1860, was unquestionably the choice of the republicans of Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Kansas and other states where republican majorities were assured, as he was in his own state of New York; it was in that frame of mind the convention met in Chicago, May 16, 1860, and had sentiment ruled the convention Senator Seward would undoubtedly have been made the candidate for president, but the gentlemen named above were able, earnest, unselfish and practical politicians; they knew that it was absolutely essential to success in November to carry Indiana and Pennsylvania at the October election, and Col. McClure but voiced their sentiments when he assured them that unless Pennsylvania and Indiana were both carried in October success at the November election was absolutely hopeless, and that with Gov. Seward as the candidate, both states would be lost to the republicans at the October election.

And Gen. Cameron, although having been named by the Pennsylvania delegation for president, heartily endorsed the declaration made by the gentlemen here named.

"Whom do you want?" was the question asked those charged with the responsibility of carrying these two October states, and McClure's earnest reply was: "The man who is most acceptable to the republicans of Indiana and Pennsylvania must be the candidate least objectionable to the friends of Senator Seward."

Unbounded respect and confidence was given to the opinions expressed by the gentlemen from Pennsylvania and Indiana by those charged with the even greater responsibility of nominating a presidential candidate who could be elected. They recalled to mind the ringing protest made upon the floor of the republican convention in 1856 by Thaddeus Stevens against the nomination of a radical like Seward or Fremont and the prediction he hurled in their faces when he saw the drift of the convention was irresistibly towards Fremont, that "with Judge McLean of Ohio, as the republican candidate, Pennsylvania was good for 50,000 republican majority, while with any other candidate the state was hopelessly lost."

It was soon made manifest that the three candidates most acceptable to Pennsylvania were Abraham Lincoln, Judge McLean and Judge Bates of Missouri, in the order here named: Lincoln first, McLean second and Bates third, when Mr. Defrees assured them that Indiana would vote solidly for Mr. Lincoln until all hope of nominating him had gone, and when Col. McClure assured them that Pennsylvania would join with Indiana on the second ballot—the first ballot being pledge to Gen. Cameron—Gov. Seward's chances for nomination were foreclosed.

The nomination of Abraham Lincoln was assured from the moment that Col. McClure, "Thad" Stevens and Judge Wilmont, speaking for Pennsylvania, and Gen. Henry S. Lane and John D. Defrees emphasized the statement that this was the name of all others that guaranteed success in the states at the election in October. Col. McClure told them it was a matter of history that no president had ever been elected who failed to receive the vote of Pennsylvania, and that whichever party carried that state at the October election, that party invariably increased its majority at the presidential election one month later. He cited the case of the Whig candidate for governor, William F. Johnson, who carried Pennsylvania by 297 majority in 1849, at the state election in October, thus securing the state for the presidential election in November. Gen. Taylor carrying it by 14,867 over Gen. Cass, the democratic candidate, electing Taylor to the presidency by a vote of 165 to 127 for Cass, whereas, if Johnston had failed to carry the state in October, it would have gone for Cass in November, electing him by a vote of 153 to 137 for Taylor. In closing Col. McClure said:

"With Abraham Lincoln as the candidate I pledge you that I can carry the state of Pennsylvania for Andrew G. Curtin by 30,000 majority at the October election; with Seward as the candidate the state would be hopelessly lost. The issue rests with those who prefer victory to sentimental politics, and no one ever doubted the result from the moment that Pennsylvania and Indiana joined hands for Lincoln."

Separating the Sexes.

Walton (Ga.) News.

Mr. Parks announced at one of the night services last week that a delegation of young men had gone to him that afternoon and stated that they considered it for the best interest of the meeting that the young gentlemen should not sit with the young ladies whom they attend church during the present meeting. The request was a reasonable and sensible one, and is strictly observed. Ordinarily the custom of young ladies and gentlemen sitting together in church, in a refined community, is highly commendable. At a revival, however, it is best otherwise, as it relieves everyone of a slight restraint which might, in some instances, be felt.

Lizzie Segeman, a seven year old child of Harper was accidentally shot the other day by her brother. It is the same old story. The young people were playing with the revolver. The boy was too young to know the fearful result which might follow an explosion of the revolver and playfully aiming at his sister he pulled the trigger. The ball entered the fleshy part of the abdomen on the left side, and probably lodged against the hip bone. The girl in all probability will recover.

TRAIN ROBBERY CAPTURED.

Parties who Robbed a Santa Fe Train in 1885 Are Captured in Tennessee—A Detailed History of the Case.

At 10:30 on the night of September 29, 1885, the express train of the Atchafalaya, Santa Fe was attacked by three men at Coolidge and John Hilton, the engineer, was killed and George Todd, the fireman, was wounded, being shot through the left chest. The express messenger fought off two of the robbers, and succeeded in capturing the safe, in which was carried the money and conductor Greely bravely attacked the man who was on the engine and who had killed the engineer.

When the attack had failed the three men mounted their horses and fled, since which time nothing was heard of them, until about six weeks ago when the trail became warm. Rewards, aggregating \$10,000, were offered by the Santa Fe, Wells Fargo Co., and the state. During the two years that have passed the Santa Fe officials have been unremitting in their efforts to find the men who so boldly planned the robbery, and who came out of the attack with nothing but murder to their credit. The search has never let up and time, money and labor have all been thrown into the scale and at last success has rewarded their efforts.

Ab. Waller, one of the men, was captured in Tennessee, and a special officer started at once to recover the money and the train.

Another, the principal and the one who murdered engineer Hilton, is where he can be obtained at any time.

From a confession made and the talk by Waller since his capture, the work of the gang is known from the beginning. The residence of the gang was at Clay county, Mo., where they with one another laid their plans to capture and rob a train.

As determined upon, the train was to be robbed in Missouri, near Kansas City, and was to have been the Chicago and Alton. The arrest of one of their number for some trifling offense broke up their plans, and, fearing that they would be given up, they determined to desert their comrades and make a break further west. They went to Kansas City, where they perfected their plans and then determined to capture a Santa Fe train and rob the express car instead of the passengers and take the money with them to Texas or over to Mexico. They traveled by train from Kansas City to Olathe, laid over and went on to Newton, and thence after another lay over to Nickerson, avoiding all the larger towns.

At Nickerson they procured horses and went down to the Texas, carefully examining the country all the way in order to familiarize themselves with it.

From Texas they rode over the country, passing through the eastern end of the Panhandle to Coolidge some four or five times, and became acquainted with all the landmarks, passing themselves off as cowboys. When they thought themselves acquainted with the country they were to strike, they camped about one mile west of Coolidge, making some three or four visits into the town, both to become acquainted with the place where the train stopped, the habits of the road employees and the people. This was kept up several days.

About 9 o'clock on the evening of the 29th they came up to the stopping place of the train, and took their station as they intended to operate, in order to see if they would be noticed. They were taken for tramps trying to steal a ride, and after attracting such notice they went to their camp, secured their horse and returned to the town and hid the four horses to a rail of the switch. The fourth horse was to carry the treasure.

When the train came in the three men were lounging on the track opposite the station house.

As soon as it stopped Waller and one other climbed into the express car and attacked the messenger, firing three or four shots at him when he resisted. Conductor Greely was also fired at.

When the firing began the principal who had climbed on the engine, ordered Hilton to pull out. He refused to do so, when he was ordered to pull out. He and Todd the first were just making a break for the robber when he fired.

At this time Waller came from the express car, climbed on the tender, and passing over it toward the engine commenced firing, the other keeping up his firing also. It was at this time Hilton was shot through the head and Todd through the cheek, the former dying.

The men then became alarmed and broke from the train for their horses, which they mounted and rode away before the panic-stricken crowd recovered their senses.

The three men went south and west, riding ten or twelve days without seeing any person except a few cowboys at a distance. The first person they met was a woman at a ranch, in the eastern end of the Panhandle, where they stopped for food. From the Panhandle they went to Smith Paw valley, I. T. They remained there but a short time and went to Limon, Kan., on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroad, and from there to Fort Smith, Ark., where they separated.

Waller went up into the mountains, traveled back to his home in Clay county, Missouri, then back to Texas. He remained there a short time and went to Tennessee, where he was found.

When confronted by an officer from this state he expressed his willingness to come without a requisition, but that instrument was taken along and it was needed.

The principal who was taken from Ft. Smith to Clay county, Missouri, remained at home only a short time and went to Kansas City where he deemed himself safe. From Kansas City he made one more move and that move gave a clue to his whereabouts.

Feline Reasoning.

A German diplomatist of the last century has recorded a curious observation respecting a favorite feline cat, and advances it as a proof of consecutive and conclusive reasoning on the part of the animal. "I noticed," said Baron von Gleichen, "that she was constantly looking at herself in the glass, retreating from her own image and running back to it again, and especially scratching at the frames, for all my glasses were inserted in panes. This suggested to me the idea of placing a toilet mirror in the middle of the room, so that my cat might have the pleasure of examining it all round. She began by making sure (by approaching and withdrawing as usual) that she was dealing with a glass like the others. She passed behind it several times, more quickly each time; but seeing that she could not get at this cat, which was always too quick for her, she placed herself at the edge of the mirror, and looking alternately at one side and the other, she made quite sure that the cat which she had just seen neither was nor had been behind the mirror. Then she arrived at the conclusion that the cat was inside it. But how did she proceed to test this conclusion, the last that remained to her? Keeping her place at the edge of the mirror, she rose on her hind feet and stretched out her fore paws to feel the thickness of the glass; then aware that it did not afford sufficient space to contain a cat, she withdrew dejectedly. Being convinced that the matter in question was a phenomenon impossible for her to discover, because it was outside the circle of her ideas, she never again looked in any glass, but at once renounced an object which had vainly excited her curiosity."

FARM AND FAMILY.

A WONDERFUL INCIDENT.

A Manitoba farmer was sharpening a stake with an ax, when a flash of light shrouded, came from the only cloud visible, a small one, immediately overhead. The bolt struck the head of the ax, splitting it into two pieces, and breaking the handle. The farmer was knocked to the ground insensible, but speedily recovered, and, upon searching about, found the fragments of his ax forced deeply into the ground.

BEARS RAVAGING A CORN CROP.

Bears are so numerous in Baker county, Georgia, that farmers are compelled to waylay and shoot them to prevent their ravages on the corn crop. A few days ago a negro determined to take a stand in his corn field and surprise the audacious intruders. Soon a large female bear, with two cubs, made her appearance. Waiting till the brutes were close upon him, the negro took deliberate aim, and with one barrel of his gun brought the old one down. The cubs were surprised and mystified, and, taking advantage of their confusion, he hastily reloaded and dispatched them both.

CUBAN GIRLS.

The Cuban senorita is rather small, quite plump, has raven black hair, plenty of it, and large black eyes, which she knows how to use. From the fact that girls are so strictly separated from the boys at school and other public places it follows that a distrust of the other sex is instilled in the youthful mind. No woman can go on the street alone. She must have a scrappy female companion and two or three servants. Even the lover cannot see his Dulcinea alone. He must do his courting in the presence of one or more ancient ladies, who watch every smile and hear every expression of endearment. Occasionally these love-sick creatures steal to a corner and indulge in a little decorous embracing. The Cuban girl makes an affectionate wife. As is usual in hot climates she loses her beauty early and makes the ugliest old woman on the two hemispheres.

CROPS IN THE SOUTH.

The Baltimore Manufacturers' Record, from a careful comparison of statistics and special reports covering the country from Virginia to Texas, holds that not only is the acreage of the cotton, corn, and tobacco the largest on record, but the reports are almost unanimous in stating that the yield of these crops, as well as of the smaller crops, except wheat, will greatly exceed the best ever before produced. The corn crop is rated at 50,000,000 bushels more than last year, and the cotton crop is believed to be much the largest yield ever made, and for at least 1,000,000 to 1,600,000 bales more than last year. Of tobacco, fruits and vegetables, the crops are the largest ever made in the south, while rice promises a splendid yield, and sugar a far more satisfactory and profitable crop than in 1884.

WATCHED THE WRONG ONE.

Two well-dressed women, whose kinship could be seen at a glance, entered a shop in London the other day and took seats at the silk counter.

The assistant had scarcely commenced his weather report when one of the women said:

"It is my duty to warn you that my sister is a confirmed kleptomaniac, and that you must watch her closely."

After a little while the "klep" moved along to another seat, and the assistant felt it his duty to give her his most vigilant attention.

Twenty minutes' time was consumed and no purchase made, and as the woman left the shop the assistant flattered himself that the little woman with the Grecian nose had tried it on the wrong merchant.

"What made watch that person so closely?" queried a lady who had observed most of the maneuvering.

"Kleptomaniac!" he whispered.

"Is that so? Why, I should have thought the other one needed your eyes the most." She had taken thirty yards of silk and three pounds' worth of fringe.

SHELTER FOR STOCK IN STORM.

It is always difficult in judging of things present by comparison with things past, says the Live Stock Journal to estimate them very accurately. The mind is more impressed with them, and we always feel as if allowance must be made for the rapidity with which news of every occurrence is poured in upon us from all parts of the world. Still when we hear it asserted that the violent thunder-storms and the fatalities from lightning have greatly increased of late years, we are prone to concede the truth of the statements. It is almost impossible to read the newspapers without being impressed with the fact that fatal accidents by lightning are more common, and, where particulars are given, these occurrences seem to owe something of their increase, at least where live stock is concerned, to the increased use of wire fencing. It has been observed that several of the reports of deaths to live stock as standing by the wire fencing. Only recently a case was reported of no less than five horses, all killed by the same stroke, the bodies being found close by the wire fence surrounding the pasture. The writer personally knew of a case where a cow was killed during a storm while resting her muzzle on the wire fence, and the only mark discovered until after the removal of the hide was a black mark where the muzzle and fence had come in contact. The frequency of such cases suggests the vicinity of the fence as being as dangerous in case of a storm as proximity to trees or a hay stack, and yet stock will naturally seek the shelter these afford in a storm, or where such shelter is not available will drift along, driven by the rain, till they are brought up by the fence, where they will huddle together with some thing of the same instinct which prevails among human beings under the same circumstances. The erection of a low shed in the pasture, away from trees or fence, would afford a shelter animals would soon learn to avail themselves of and which would probably be free from the disadvantages attaching to the latter, besides serving a useful purpose at other times.

THREE RECIPES.

LADIES' CABBAGE.—Boil a firm white cabbage fifteen minutes, changing the water then for more from the boiling tea-kettle. When tender drain and set aside until perfectly cold. Chop fine and add

two beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of butter, pepper, salt, three tablespoons rich milk or cream. Stir all well together and bake in a buttered pudding-dish until brown. Eat very hot.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Peel the onions, which should be fine white ones—not too large. Let them stand in strong brine for four days, changing it twice. Heat more brine to a boil, throw in the large onions and boil three minutes. Throw them at once into cold water and leave them there four hours. Pack in jars, interspersing with whole mace, white pepper-corns and cloves. Fill up with pickling vinegar in which you have put a cupful of sugar for every gallon. Cork while hot. They will be ready for use in a month, but will be better at the end of three months.

CHOCOLATE TARTLETS.—Four eggs, one half cake of Baker's chocolate, grated; one tablespoonful of corn starch, dissolved in milk; three tablespoonsful of milk, four tablespoonsful of white sugar, two tablespoonsful of vanilla, one half teaspoonful of cinnamon and a little salt, one heaping teaspoonful of melted butter. Rub the chocolate smooth in the milk heated over the fire, and add the corn starch wet in more milk. Stir until thickened, and pour out. When cold, beat in the yolks and sugar with the flavoring. Bake in open shells, lining pastry pans. Cover with a meringue made of the whites and a little powdered sugar, w. on they are nearly done, and let them color slightly. Eat cold.

KIDNEY WORM IN SWINE.

New York Tribune.

"Plum Creek Neb., Sept. 4.—[Editor of the Tribune.]—Please inform me what ails my hogs and the remedy. There is a breaking down of their hind parts, with dragging of the legs under them. They eat well, but soon become gaunt and lean."

L. B.

Both measles and kidney-worm cause the symptoms you mention. Measles are caused by eating the eggs of the tapeworm of man (taenia solium), and measles pork is known by the cysts of the parasites in the flesh, the size of a grain of barley. In the living hog will be found small, watery, pink or red pimples just under the skin. The kidney-worm is named eustrongylus gigas. It is sometimes from one to three inches long and one quarter to half an inch in diameter, and the kidney having been eaten it then attacks the inclosing capsule, and finds its way to the intestinal cavity. Deaths result from inflammation and nervous prostration. The symptoms would seem to point to kidney-worms as the difficulty. An examination of the kidneys, and especially of the hollow curved portion of the pelvis in which the urine is secreted, would determine the presence of the worm. The kidneys and bladder may also contain blood. Steady, small doses of turpentine—say one-tenth of an ounce daily—or one-eighth of a grain of arsenic, allowing the hogs to have access to the ground, that they may root would be indicated. It must be confessed, however, but little has been done in removing this class of parasites from the system. Affected animals dying, should be deeply buried, so no others may feed on their remains. The offal of dead animals should not be allowed to be eaten by swine. Sheep carry one state of existence of the tapeworm which produces measles in swine. Trichinae are carried by cats, rats, mice, and fowls. The an. The worm contains the germ of roup in fowls. How the kidney-worm enters the body of hogs is not known. Hence, prevention against parasites rather than cure is the safeguard.

A Riley county stock grower lost three hundred head of hogs from cholera whereupon he put the remainder of his herd on the market and sold them out at once.

Miss Richard Tobin, of Westmoreland, Pottawatomie county, was bitten in the foot by a water moccasin snake a few days ago and the affected part swelled so in a few days that she came to Wamego to treat it. The bite is serious and may end fatally.

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